

One Archangel Alight

Anthony Dover

This is a book completely made of a man's charcoal sketches whilst in prison. It spans 10 years of struggling against boredom which has produced these beautiful images. There are as many indicators of who or what the artist is as there are many female images show the innate yearning for freedom. There are also images of countryside and open spaces. He also earned a degree with a correspondence university. The writing to accompany the artwork comes from books he loved.

As they became real pieces of art they gained an authenticity as lithographs which soon became currency for tobacco and coca cola. As he tried to record the many he had done there were some that were unrecorded. This book is a collection of the ones he did.

NOTHING

To a friend whose life has come to nothing.

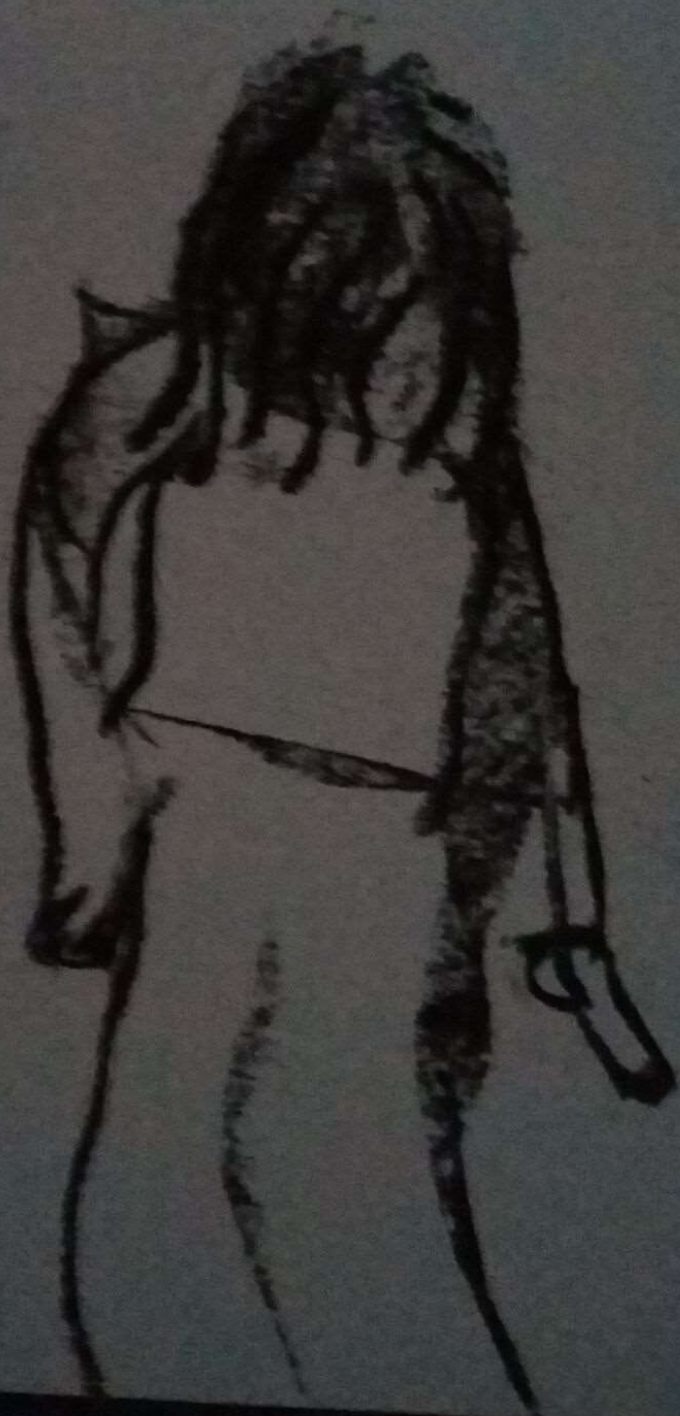


Almost an angel.



I am not yours.

120 Bg





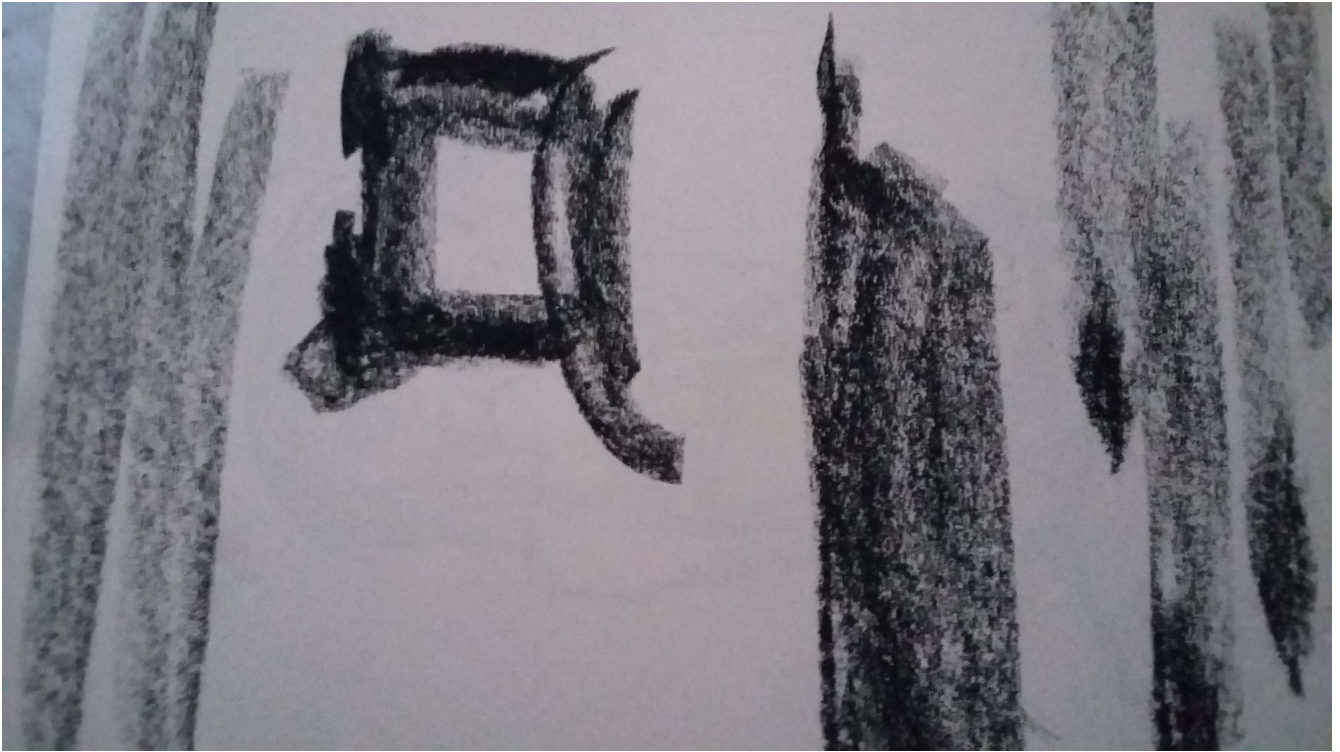
Ours is not reason why,ours is to do or die.



Silence is golden



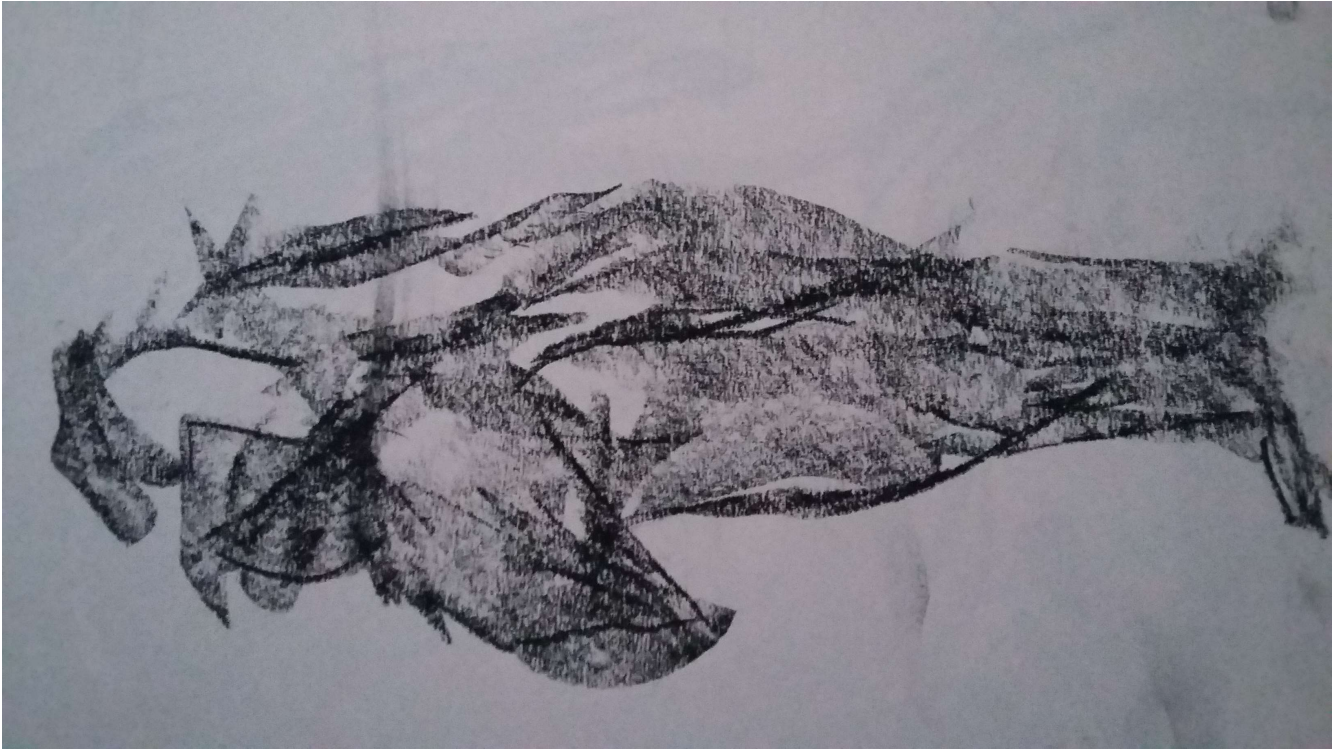
One step closer.



A good man is beset upon all sides by those seeking to destroy him.



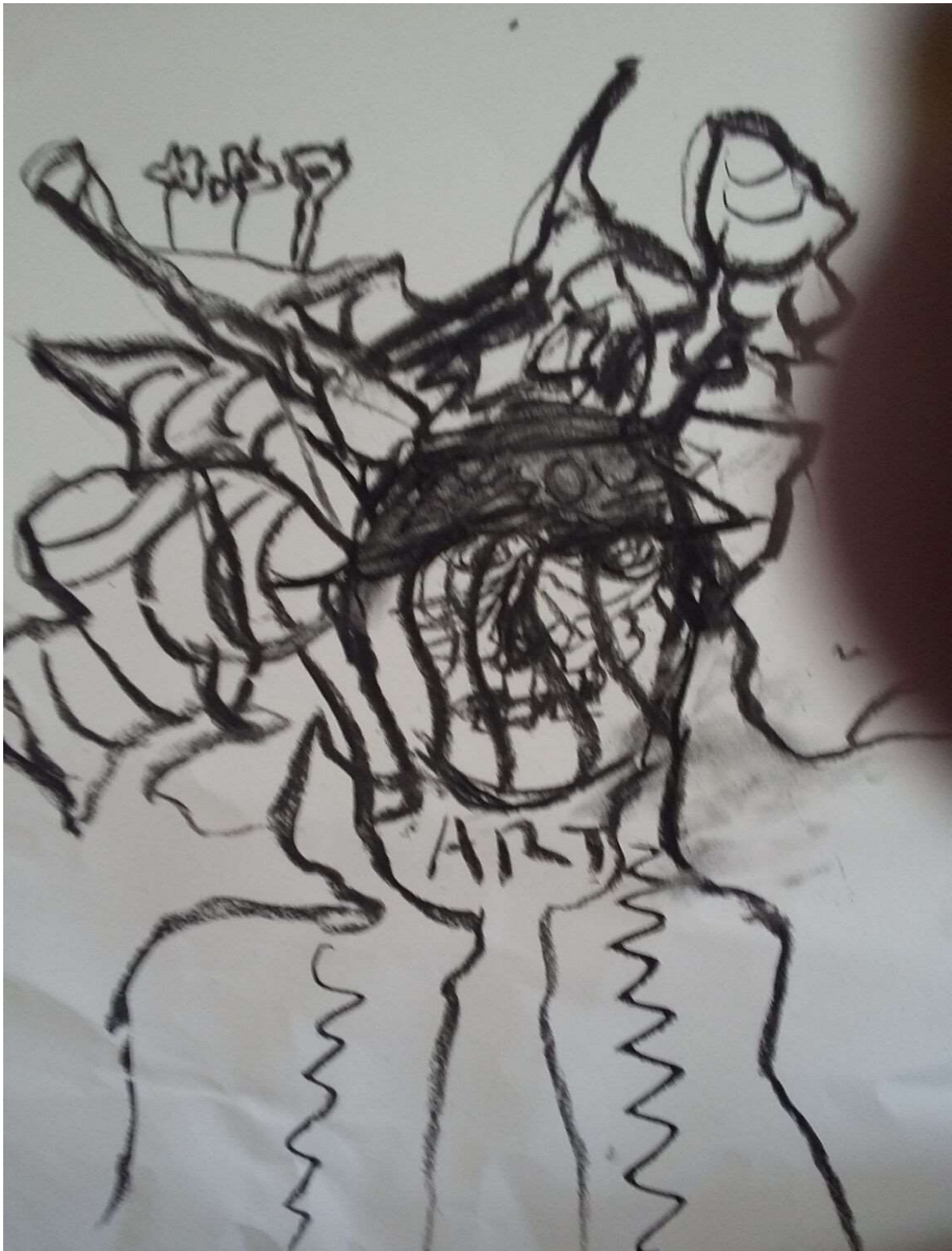
The centre cannot hold
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.



The devil be damned.



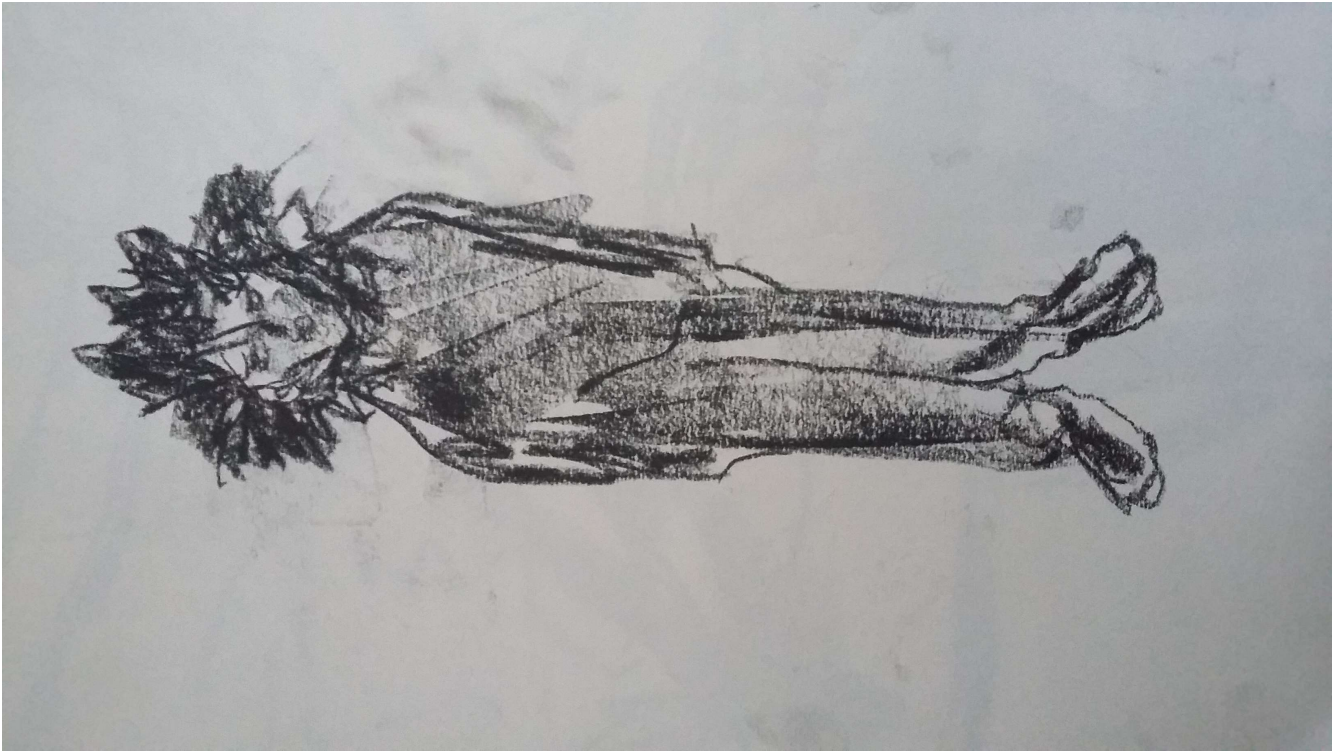
The curious yellow.



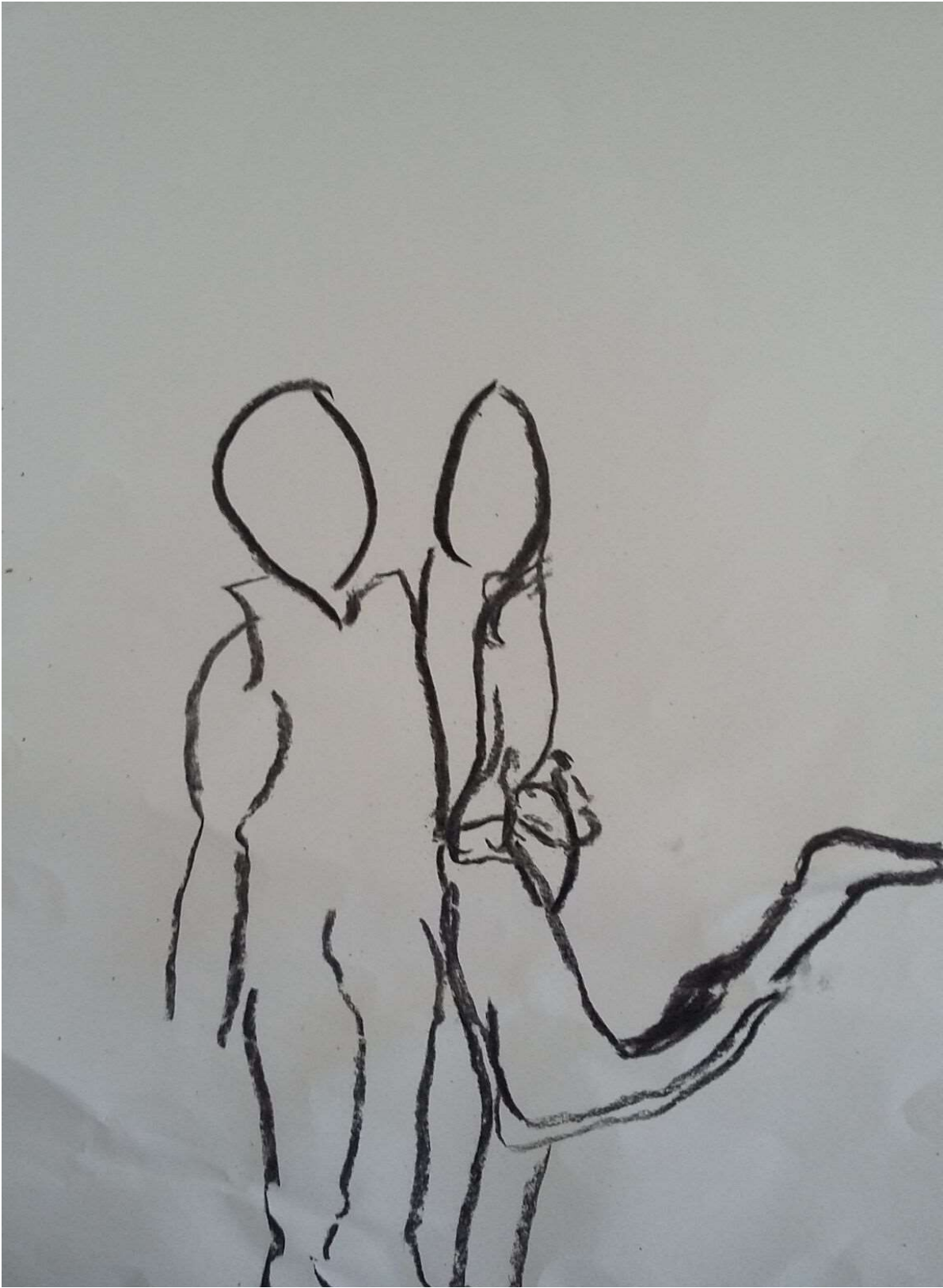
The time has come.



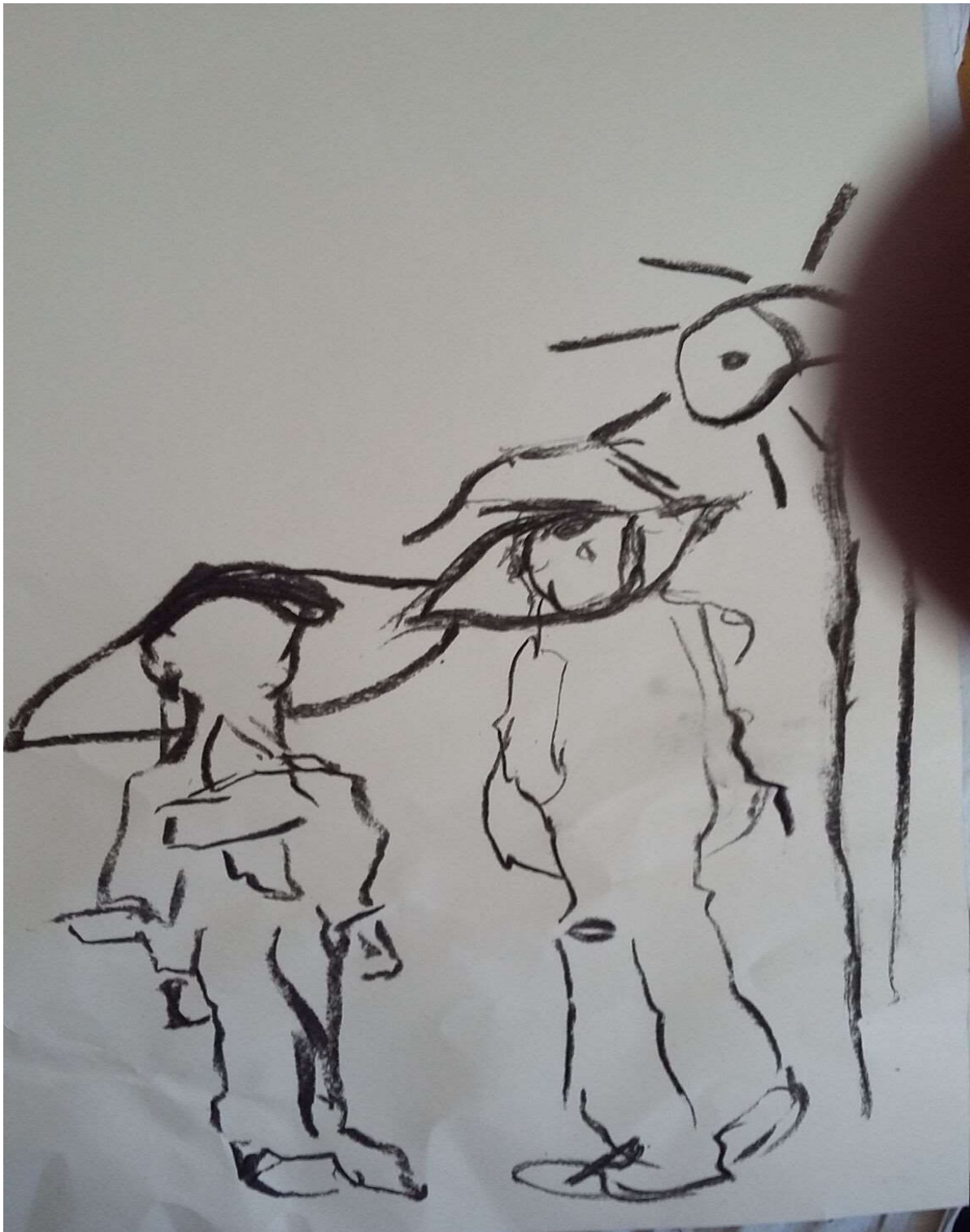
Come back you have a son.



Rainbow fish.



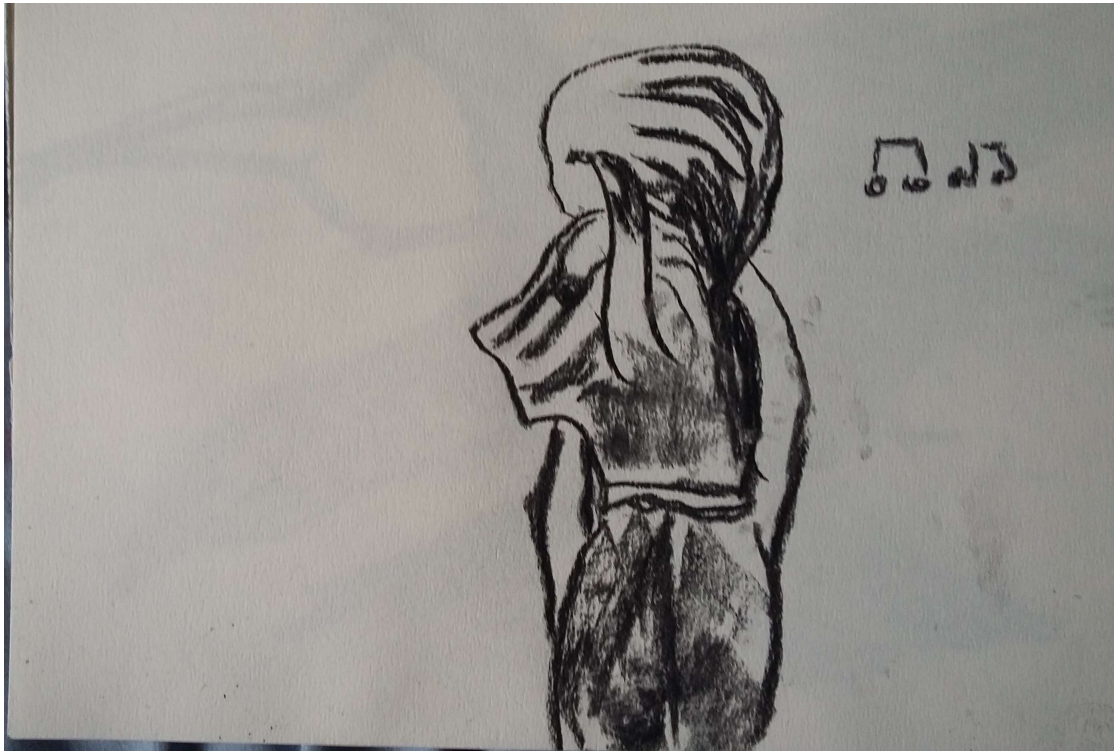
The mighty heart beat still.



I have longed for a release from mortal speech.

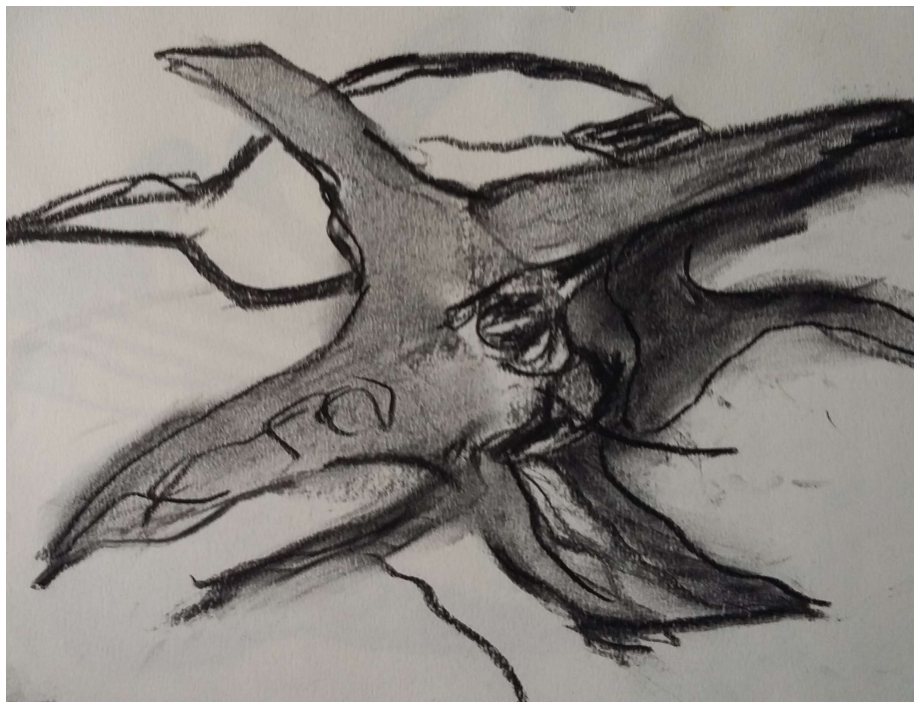


It is the land that is important.

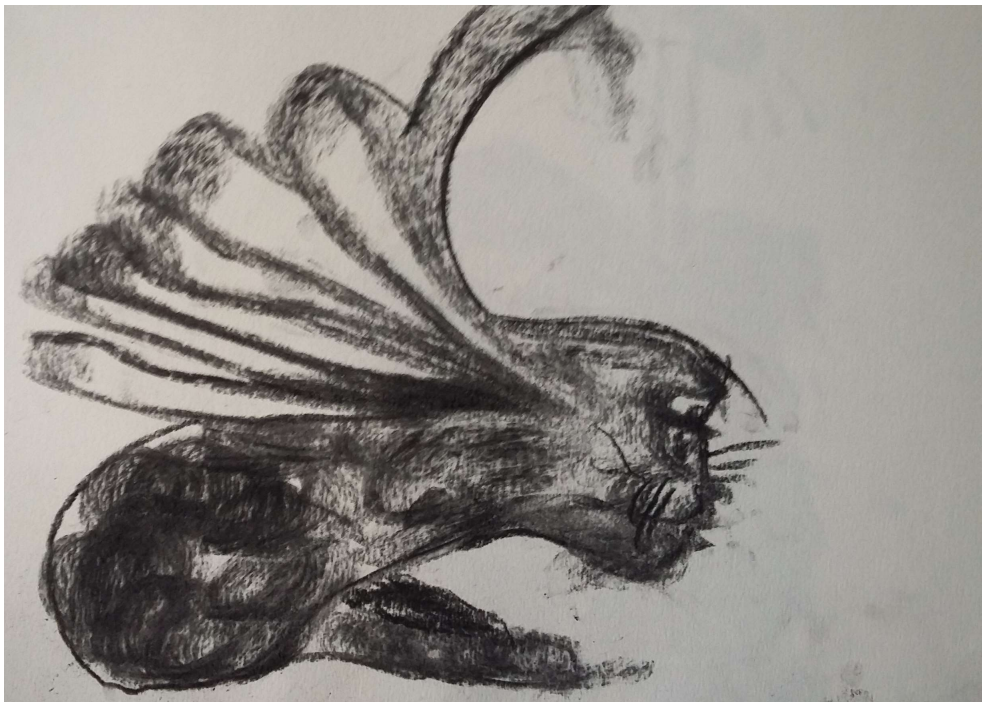


The old paths are too well trodden.

Moment of truth



About suffering they were never wrong the old masters.



Silent for all those years.



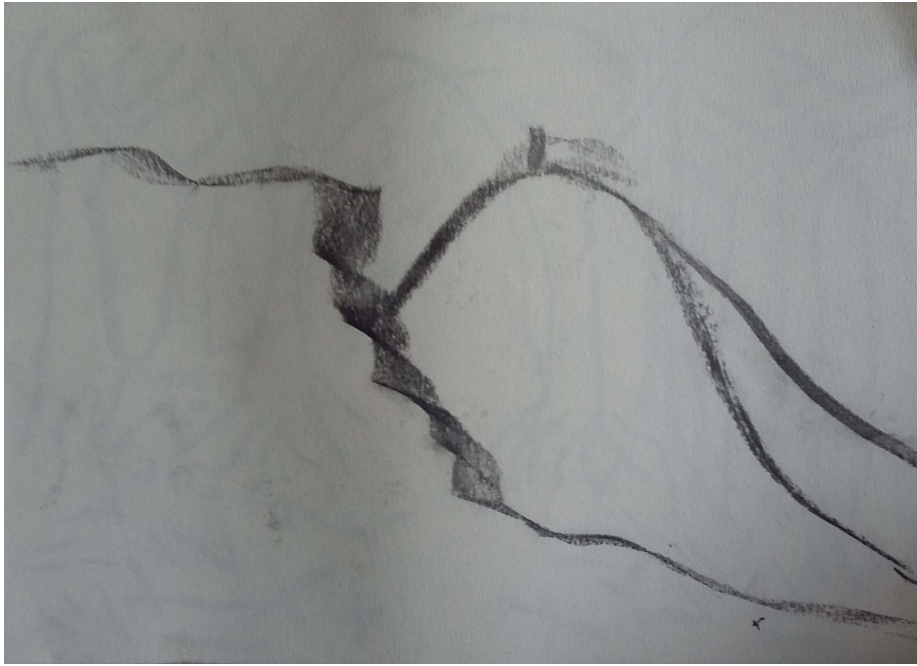


Past the mission behind the closing door.

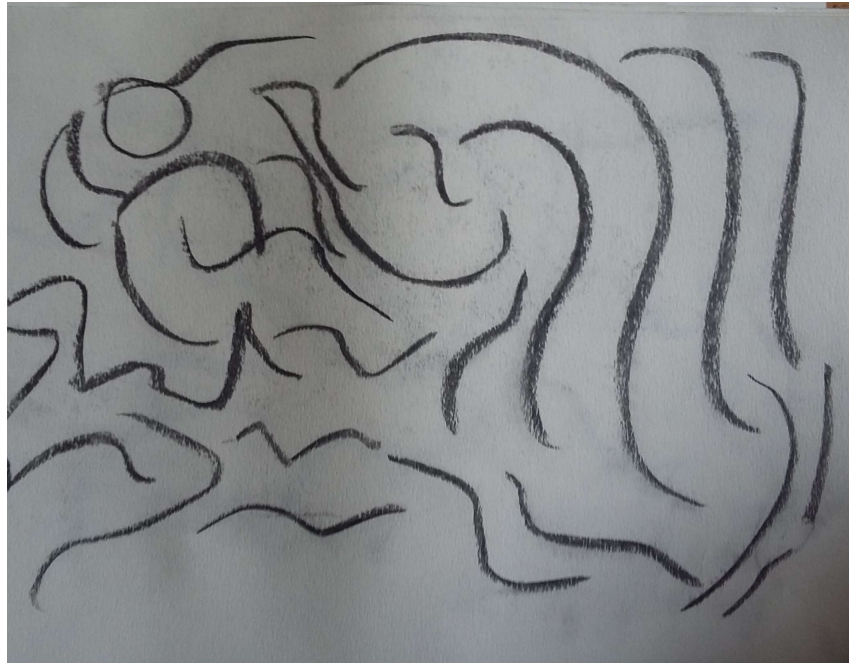


Narcolepsy Nightblindness





Where the world recedes



Among the inmates there were angels tending them.



The truths we cling to.



A thoughtless heaven.



Jump the barricades.



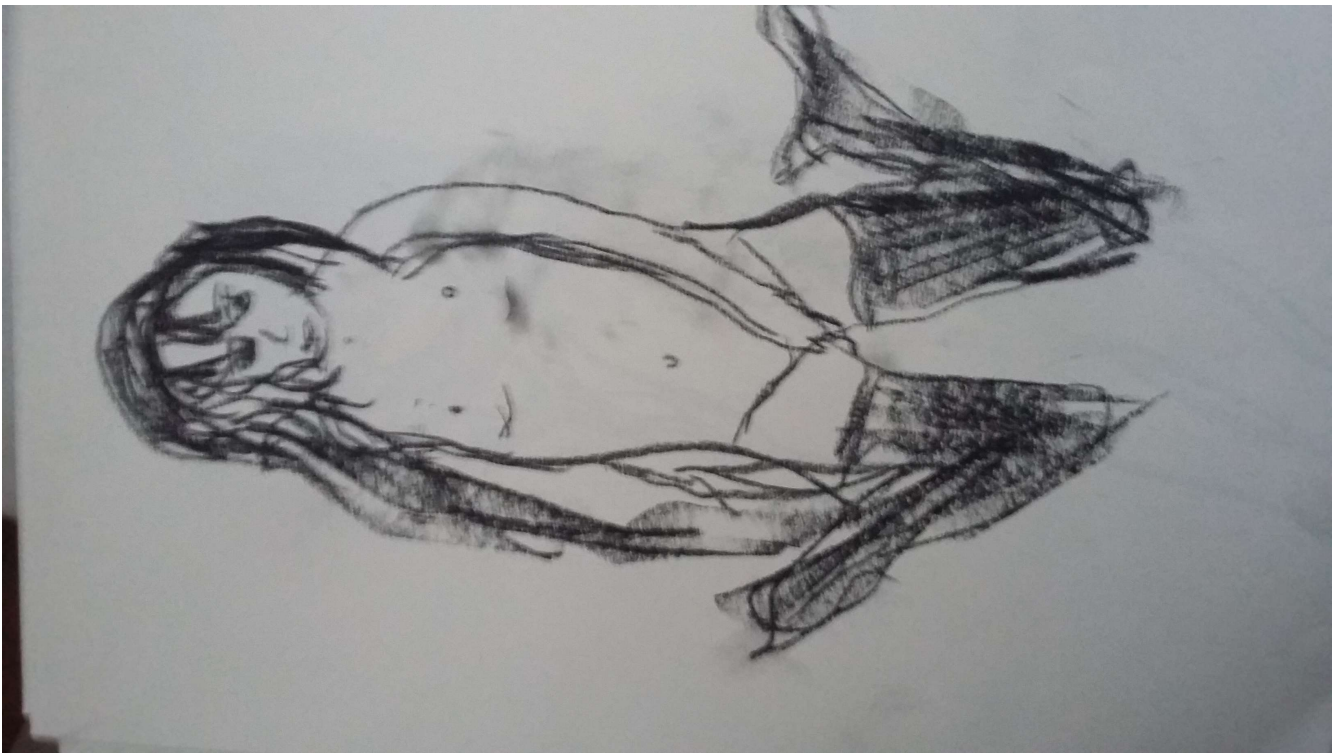
England is a dark place.



All of heaven and hell are to be found upon the earth.



Sire what must I do to be saved.



They shoot horses don't they?



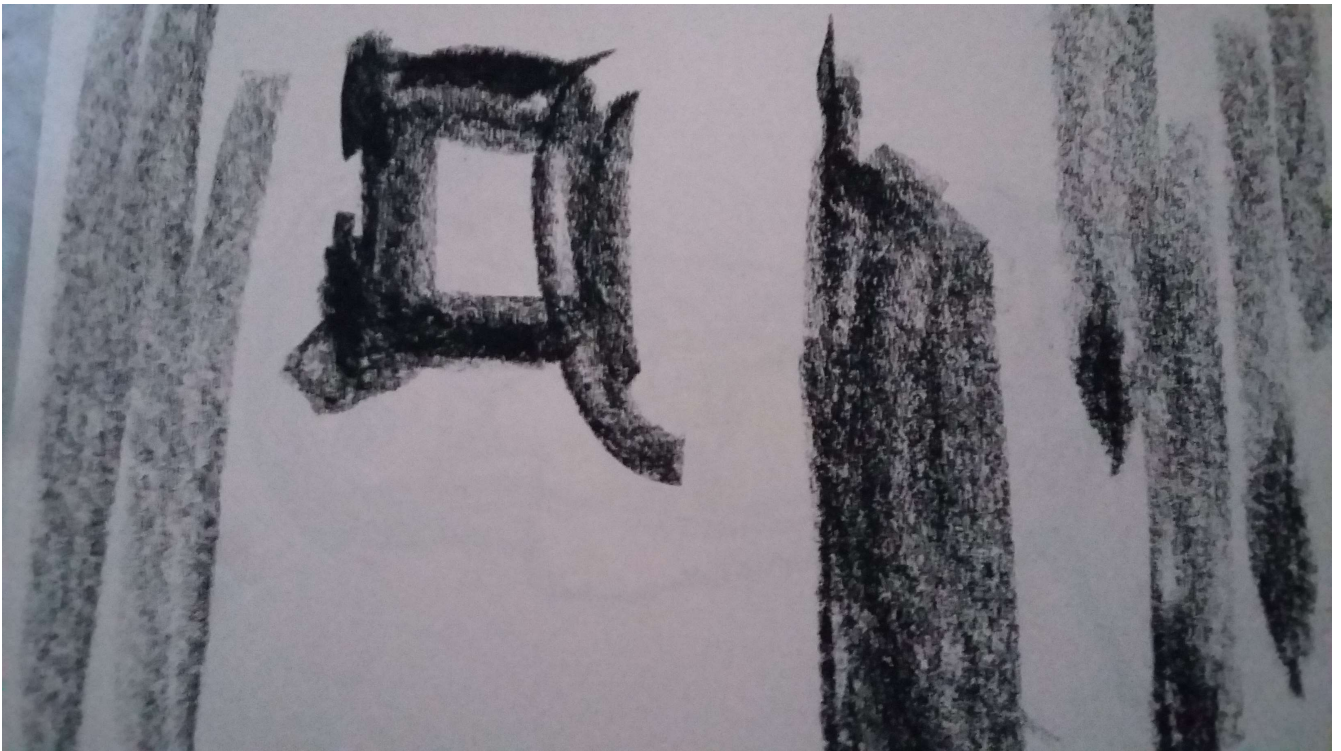
There are always things which are higher than you, than your struggle.



All it amounts to is tears in the rain.



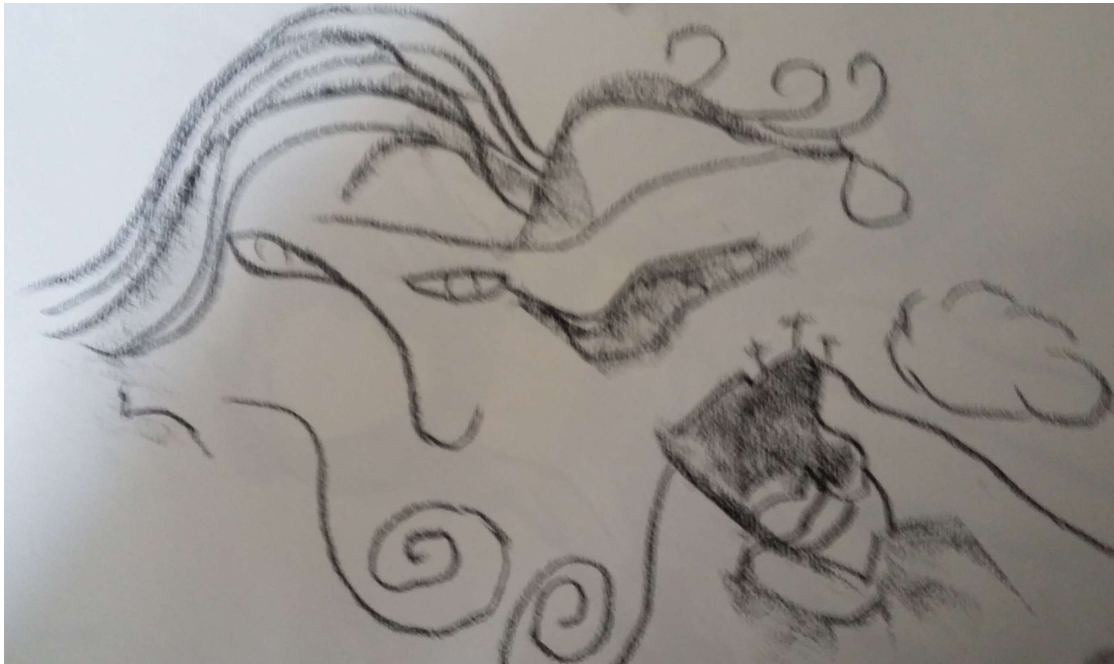
It is me who is alive and you who is dead.



Parking tickets!



Laughed so hard it cracked the walls.



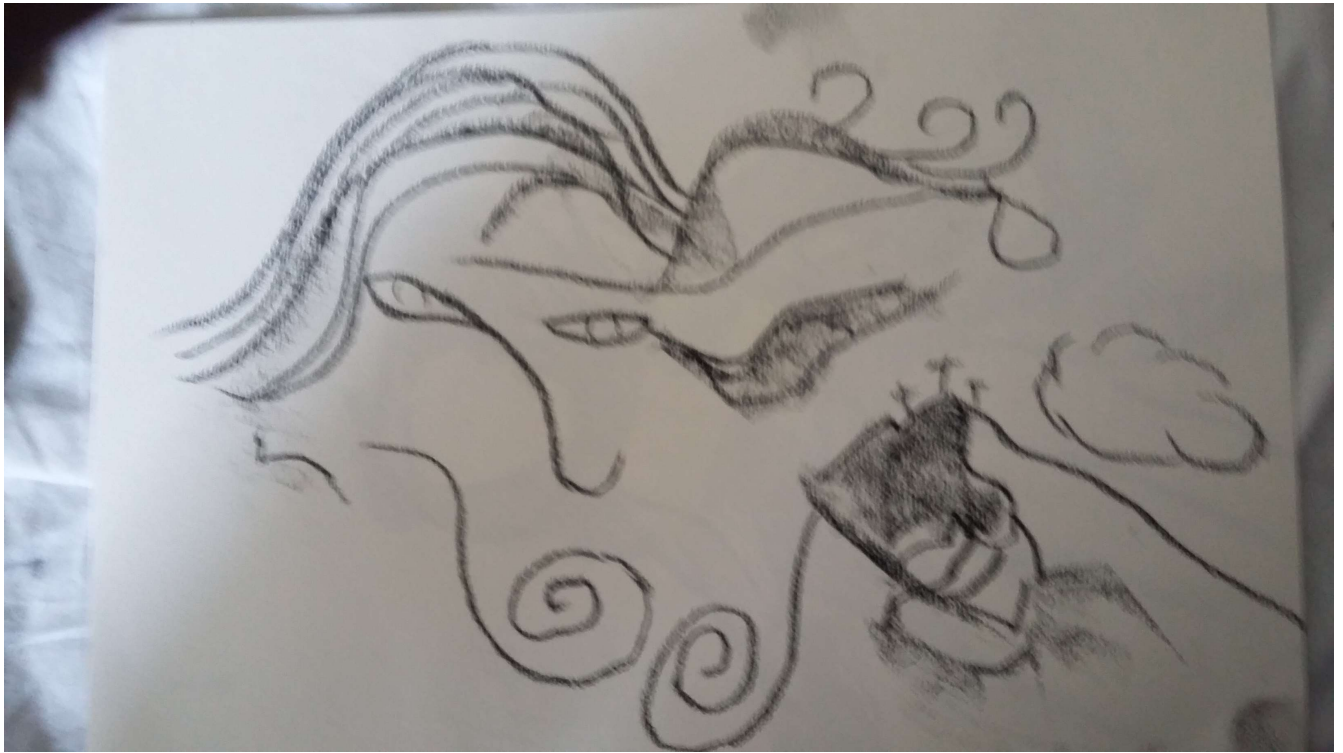
These are the lower hells.



All artists come from the pit of hell.



To be or not to be that is the question.





We don't exist but we have eyes we exist through our art.



$$E=mc^2$$



One day you will have to answer to the children of the future.



Help me Obi Wan you're my only hope.



Life is what you make it.



You are always in the right place doing the right thing otherwise you would be somewhere else.



Are you part of the machine.



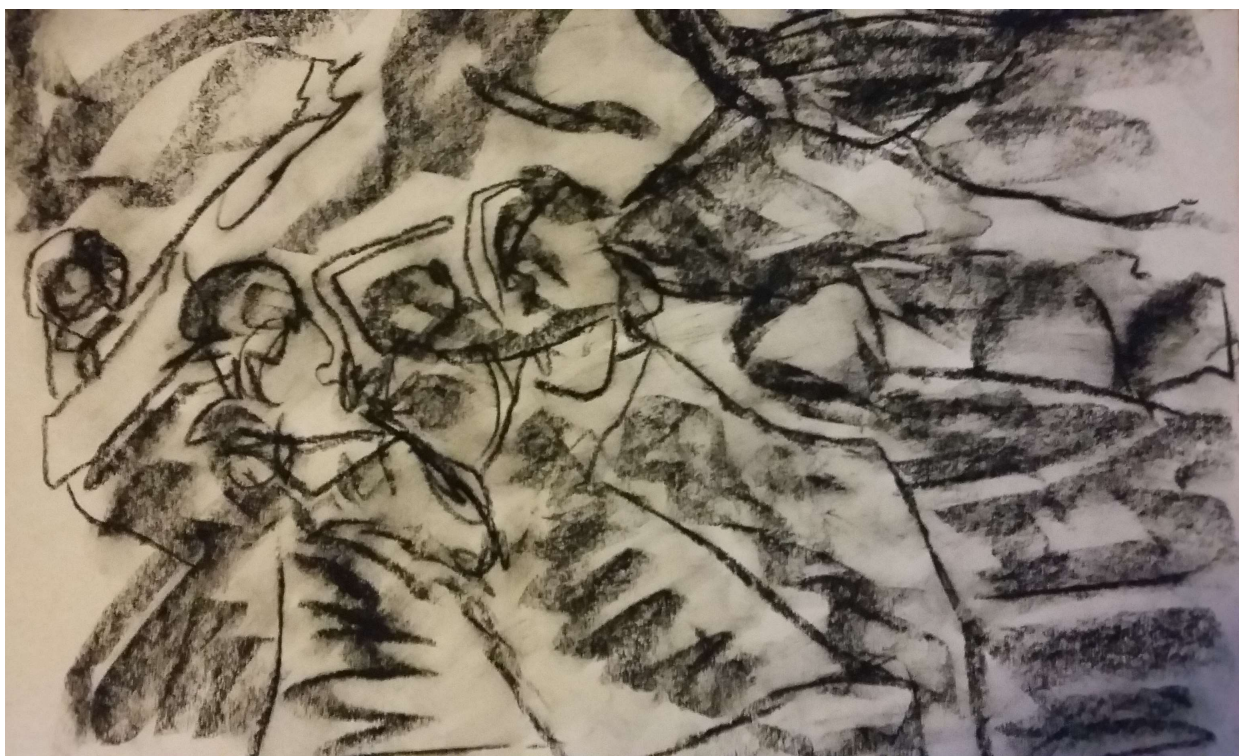
Things have to get a lot worse before they get better.



I'm not scared of dying,why should I be.



Like a devil sick of sin.



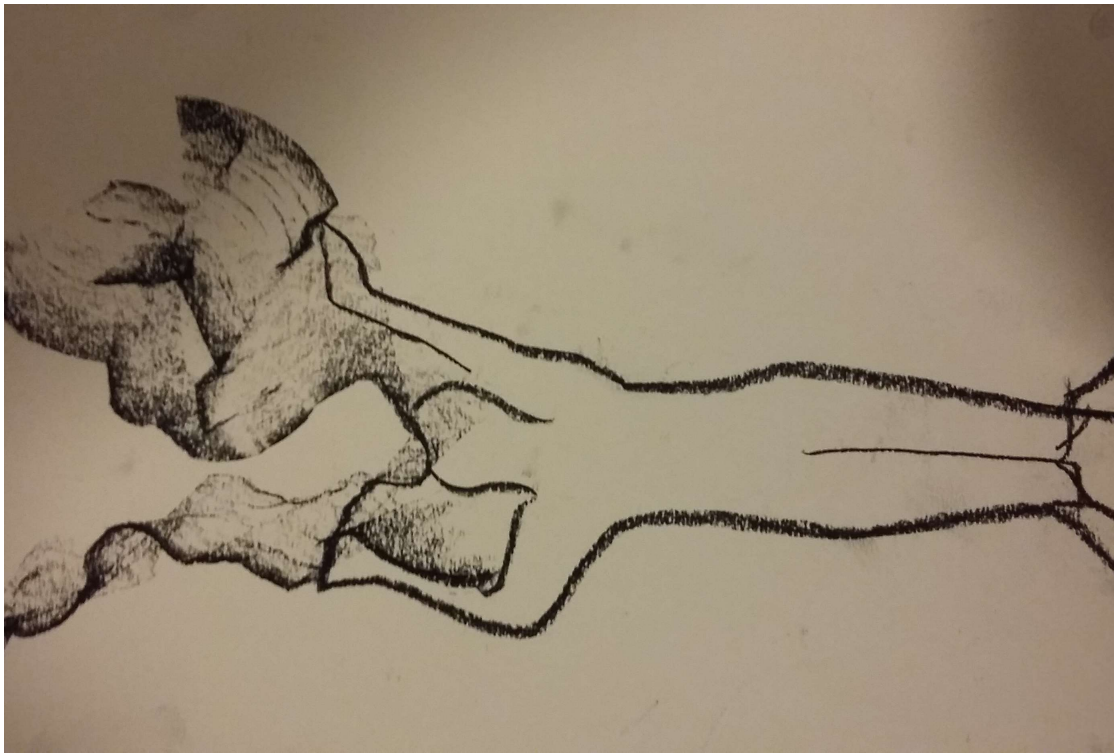
Have nothing you can't walk out on in 30 seconds flat.



In a small blue world in who knows where.



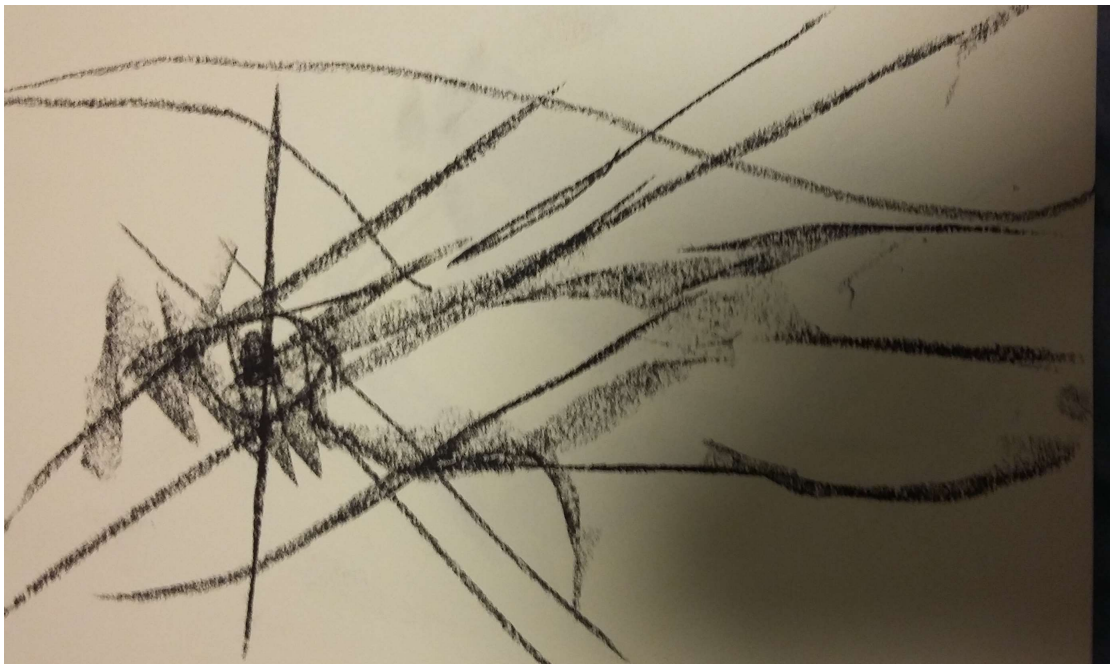
Running on empty.



Nothing like a cigarette after a meal.



You might as well have angels fly out of your arse than get close to her.



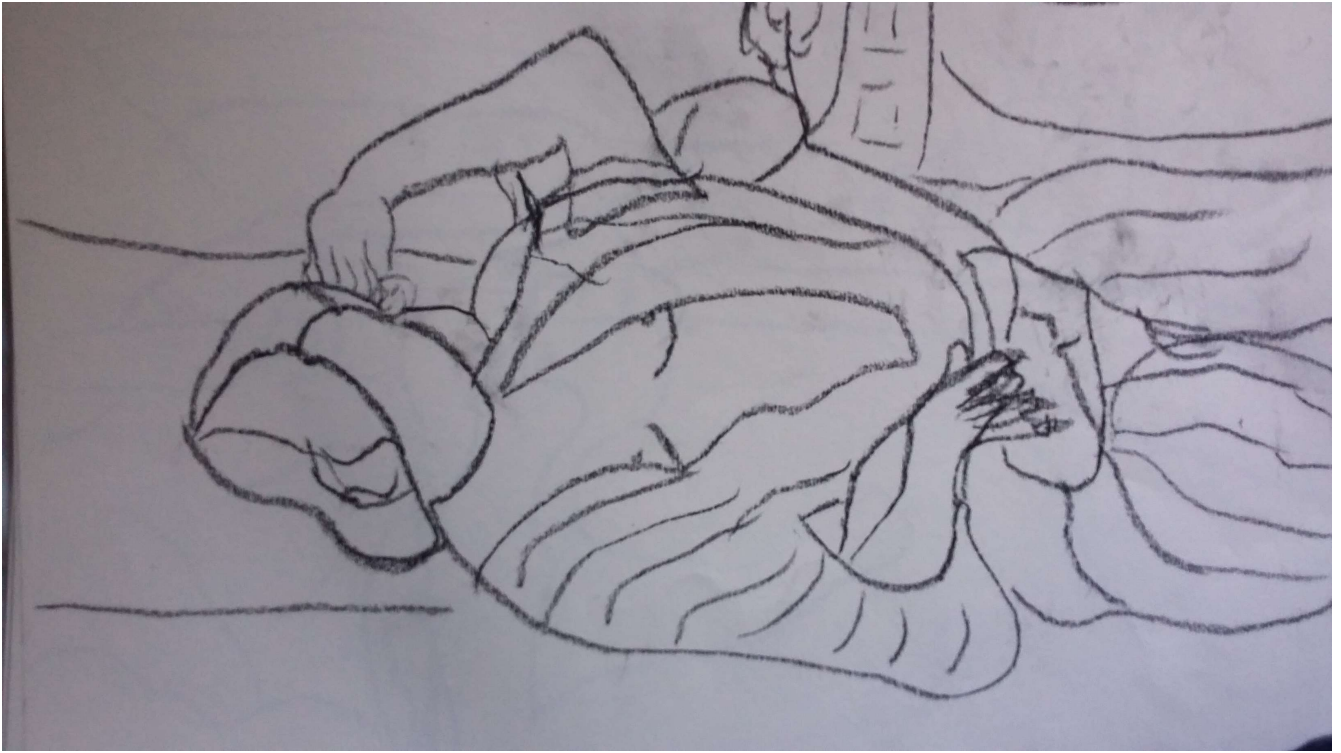
I do like the comfortable silences.



But oh the difference to me.



Until the moss covered our lips



Don't dream its over,



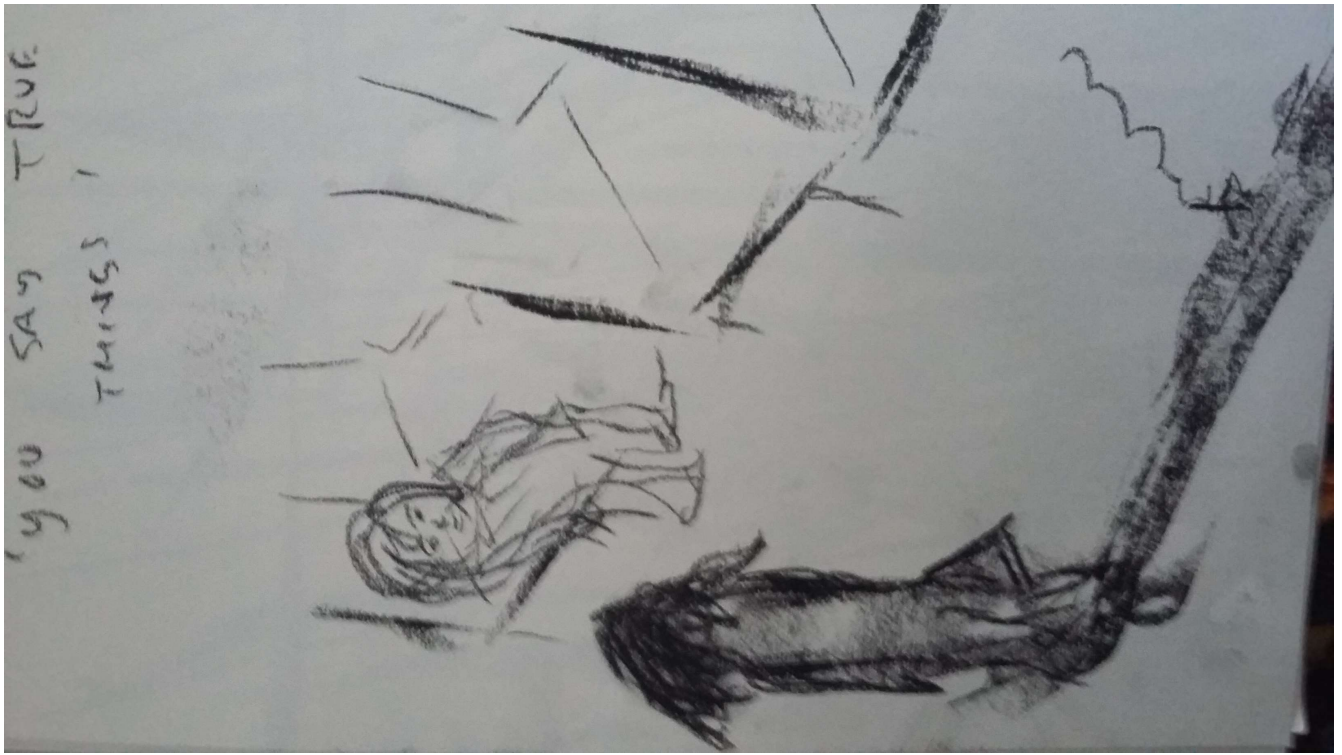
Oh transient soul.



He recounted that you can hear a scream in space.



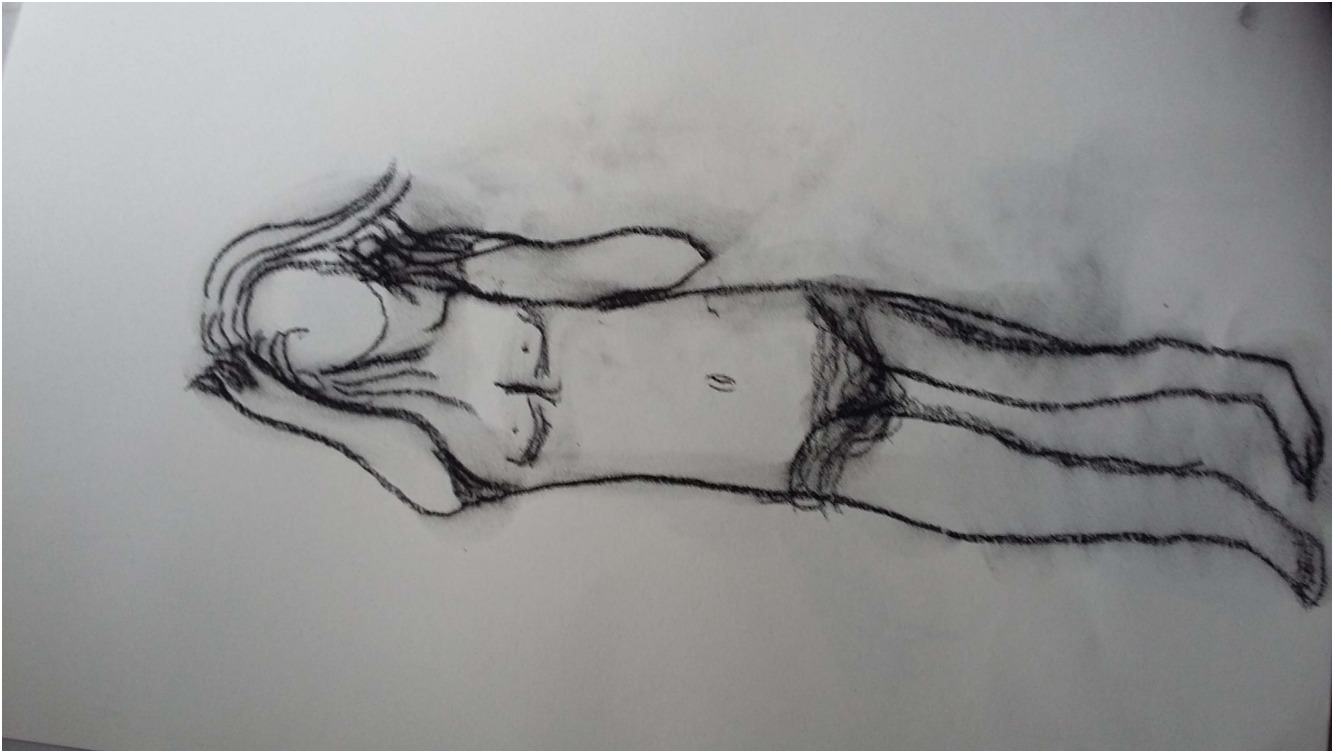
Don't you want to be someone to somebody.



As leaves from trees.



Last night I dreamt I was at Manderley again.



Giving them drugs taking their lives away.



I'm only 19 how serious can I be anyway.



Like orange trees in the backyard.



Does anyone remember who I am.



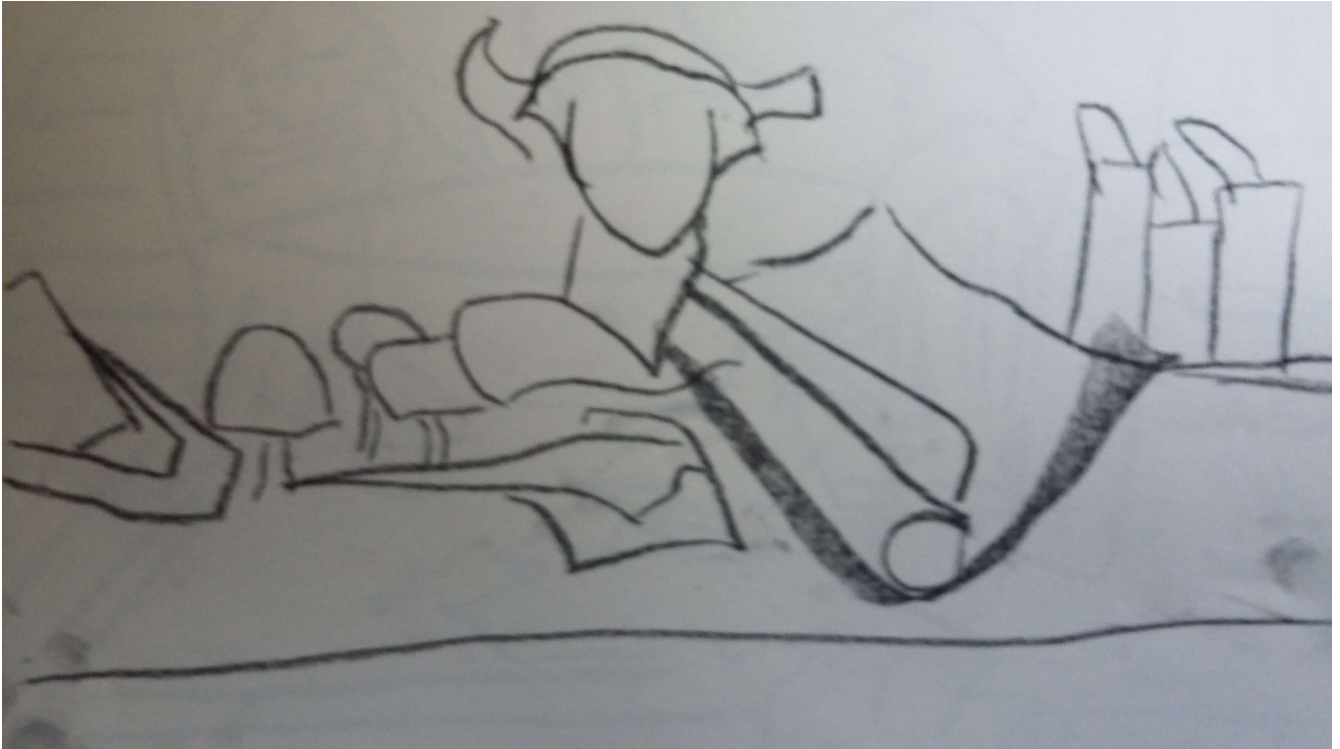
Everywhere he went he drew heat.



There's more room in a broken heart



Time is curved not linear.



Take yourself out of the equation



You're on a plane of your own.



One pink one white goodnight.



These are just thoughts.



The future is orange.



You used to believe in God.



The underlying reality of the modern world is pain and emptiness.



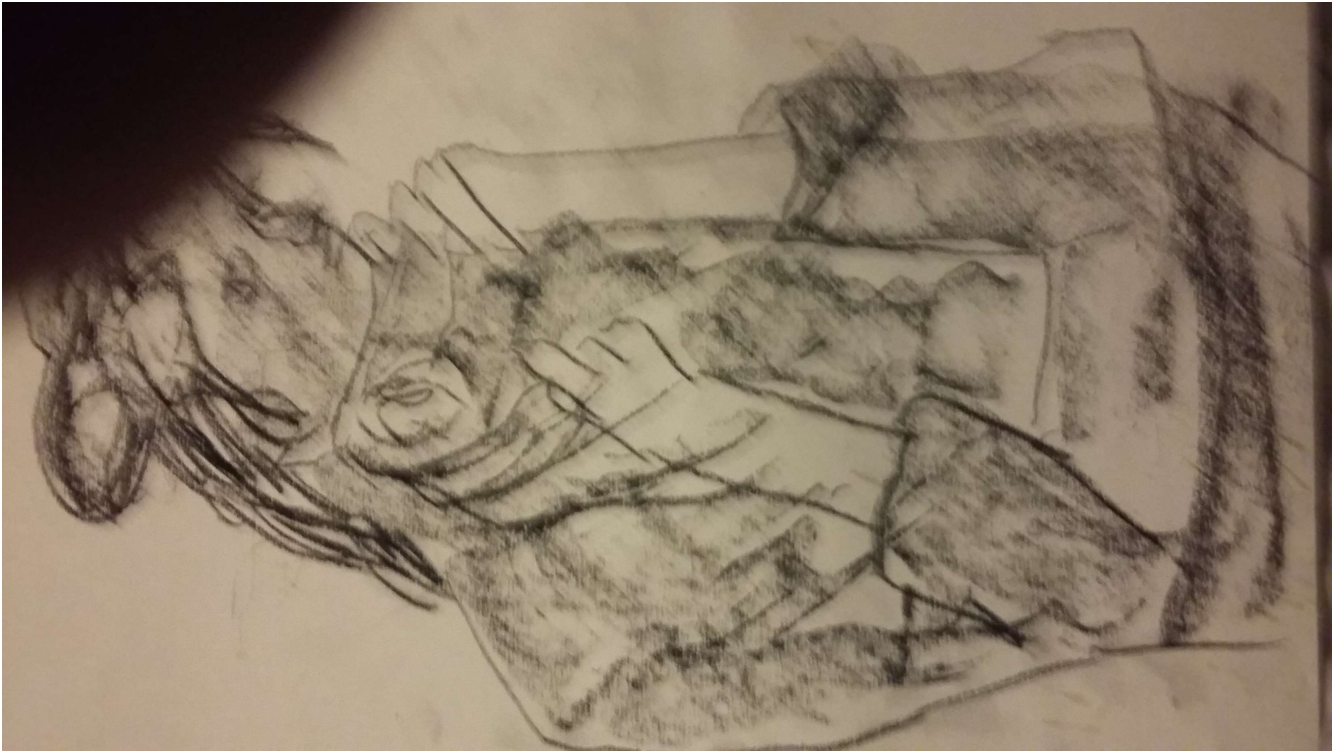
The eye makes the picture.



A nun really gets none.



Wind him up he goes for centuries.



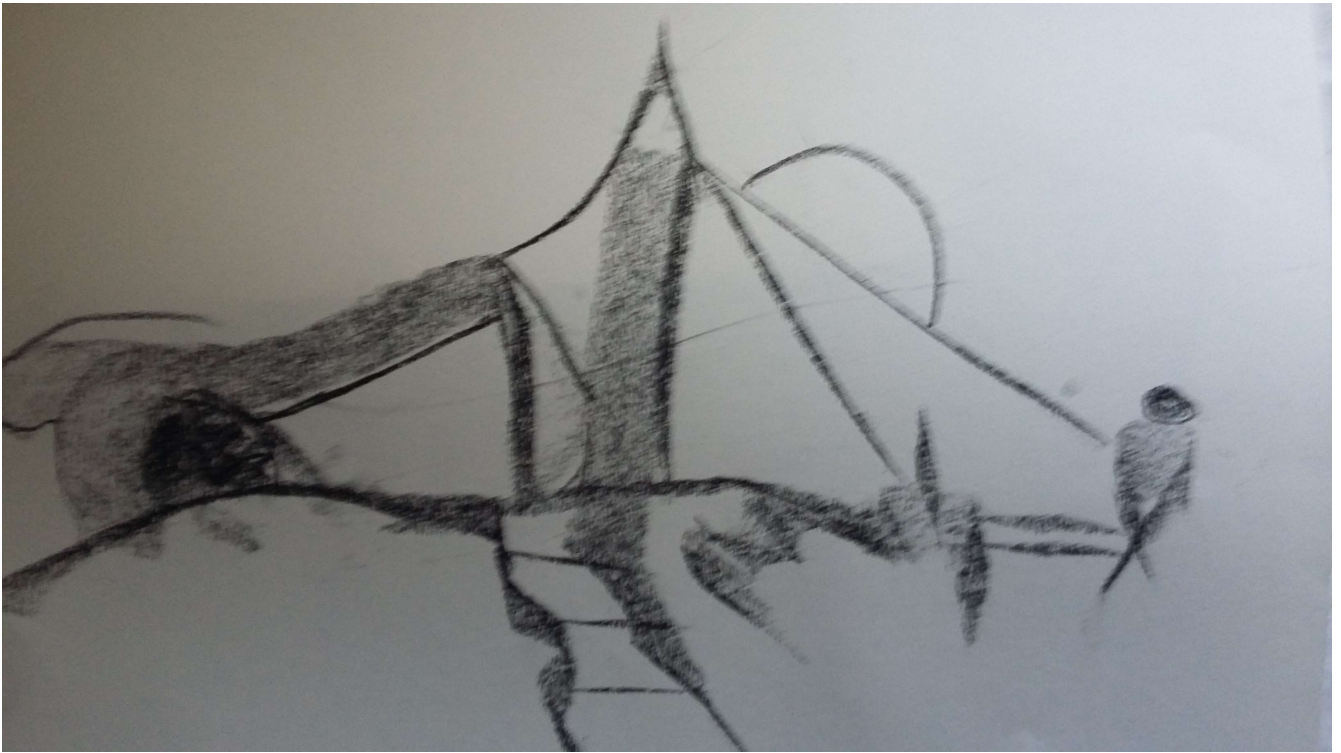
And suddenly it is spring in a distant time and all has been forgotten.



Programmed to cope with any situation even nuclear war.



Life without you would be like a broken pencil,pointless.



I almost like myself,when I am with you.



The world is the devil's playground.



Hack it out like a newspaper hack.



Kane,Kane.



Far lesser men have believed they created it.



A story never ends happily unless it finishes before the end.



All romantics end up boring someone in a dark cafe.



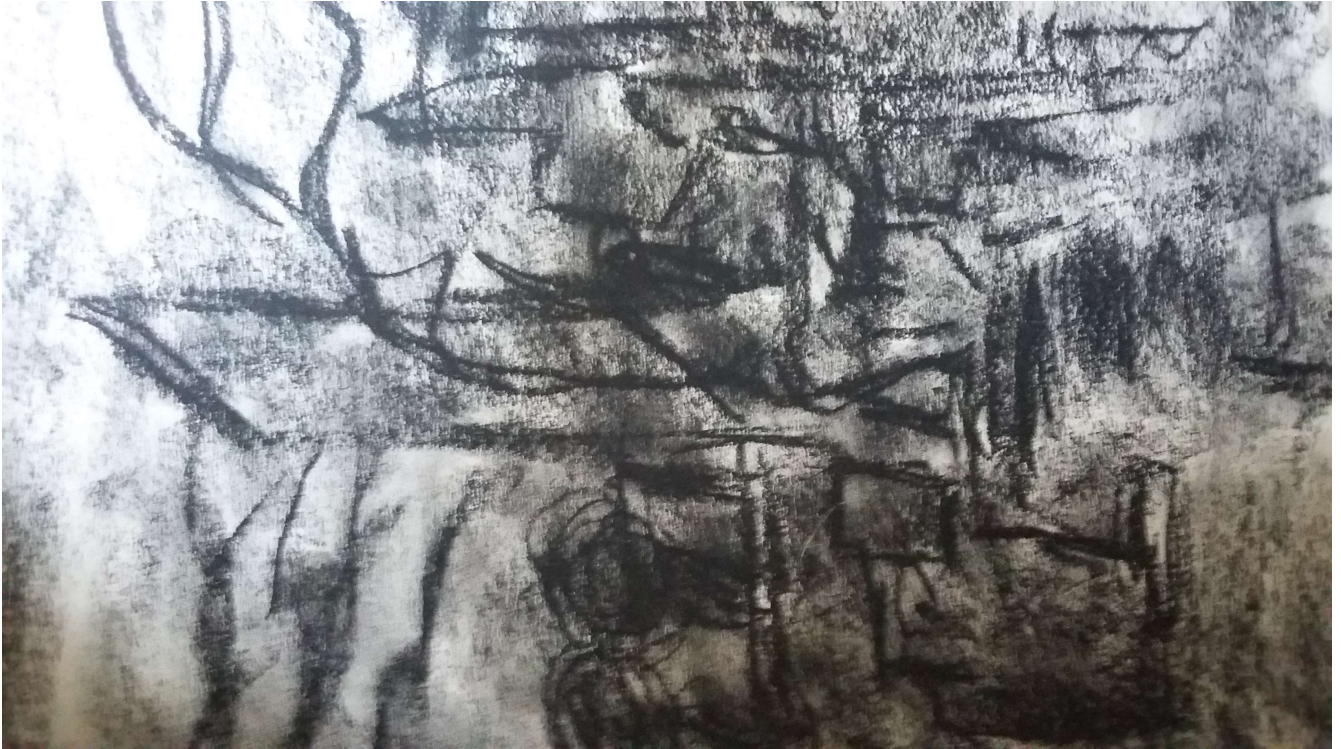
Dark and light such dull companions.



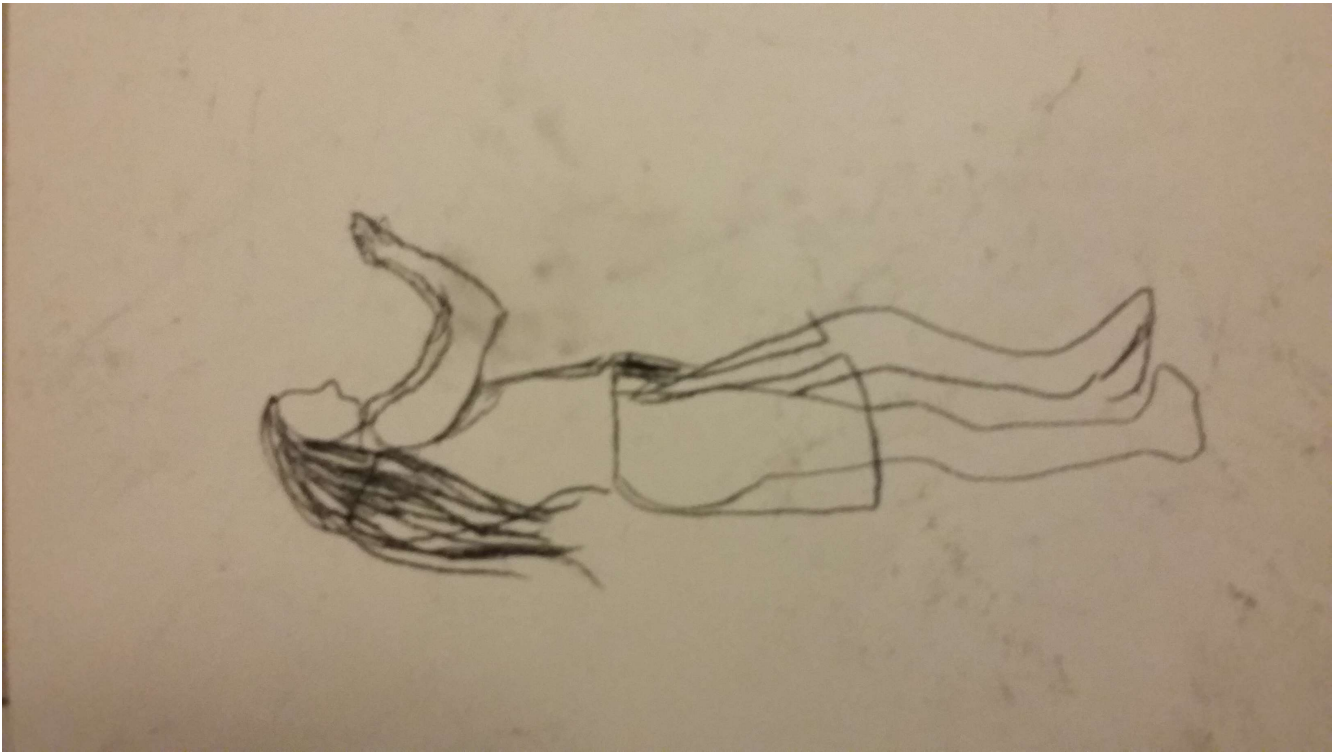
Love,love,love you can't give it away.



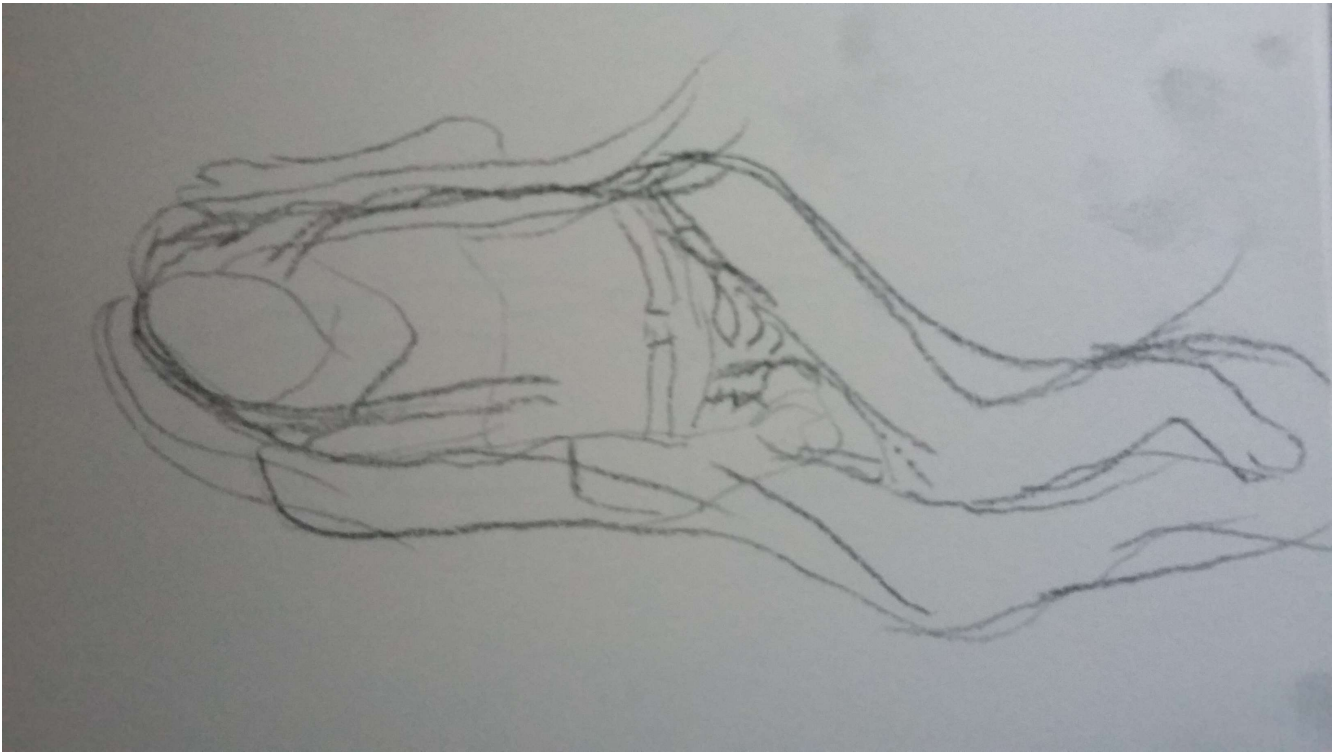
She hurried on at first light.



There is no written constitution in Britain.



What would you like to do to me.



The seed was planted when I was just a child.



I am a nightmare walkin'.
I don't want to swim forever
When its cold I'd like to die
It is darkest just before dawn
The story was mine
Your daughter
X

